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EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1892.

NUMBER 8.

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JOB PRINTING NEATLY, CHEAPLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE. Send your order

OKLAHOMA.

Drought Prevailing and Starvation the Outlook.

EDMUND, OKLA., May 2, '92.

EDITOR HERALD: According to my promise I will let my friends hear from me and the Kentucky colony through your valuable paper. I have been waiting for some good tidings to send, but alas! I have failed to get them. We are in the midst of a drought. We have had no rain for eight weeks, and oats and wheat are a failure, and the grass is drying up. This is making the Kentucky boys who breathed the northwest winds of March so bravely fail, though there has been rain 20 miles south and 18 miles north and northwest of us. This gives me courage, for if grain is raised within that distance of me I can get my bread and seed.

J. M. Cockerham and family have given up the chase for riches in northwest Texas and will start for their old Kentucky home in a few days. W. T. Ingram's face is a little longer, but says he is here to stay. S. P. Napier talks a little easy about matters relative to the drought in this country, but says he intends to try it three years before he surrenders. Fayette James is standing it well; he says it will rain some time or other. James Handy says he will have to stay. W. P. Atkins snugs his eyes and says but little about it. Isaac Atkins gets his breath a little long, but don't say much. Mort Pieratt says it will take starvation to drive him away. Charlie Ringo laughs and keeps staying. Old Uncle Jimmie Sample came up here two weeks ago in bad health. He is now improving fast, and says he is about able to work.

We have plenty of rattlesnakes and prairie dogs. S. P. Napier killed a rattlesnake that had seven prairie dogs in his stomach. I killed two rattlers yesterday that were each about four long. Mr. Swacy, who lives two miles from me, had a little girl bitten by a rattler last week. The child died seven hours afterwards from the effects of the bite. This is the only person that I have heard of dying from the bite of a snake.

Well, I am still of the opinion that this country is destined to be a great country in the near future, but I think it will take a man with an iron nerve to overcome the obstacles he has to meet. Society is good, the people are clever, and better neighbors I have never had, but the drought and high winds make my face a little long and my under lip hangs a little low. Dr. Jim Tutt and his folks look a little blue, but aside from that they are all enjoying good health. Ova Swango has sore eyes, and has little to say about anything.

When it rains I will write again. Wishing THE HERALD and its editor much success, I remain your friend,
DAVID HOGG.

Murder, Suicide, Etc.

A special to the Cincinnati Enquirer from Paducah, recently, gives the following mishaps as occurring within 24 hours: Isabelle Grubbs, a nymph, tired of living the life she was following, took some unknown drug and was found dead in bed. Jim Knapp, a negro tough, incensed because a cammer drove too near him, rocked the driver, and when he protested, drew a pistol and shot him, but only slightly. Knapp was jailed. A footpad held up a logger, F. M. Hodges, from Tennessee, and got \$25 of the \$50 he had on his person. A stranger was caught by highwaymen and robbed of even the shoes on his feet.

In addition to these local incidents, a hack driver named Davis fatally assaulted another named Jones at Clinton, crushing his head with a club. At Lowe's, Bob Charlton cut Charley Robert quite seriously in a fight.

Ethan Allen, Jr.

S. B. Woodward, of Saratoga, who sold Ethan Allen, Jr., to W. T. Withers several years ago, says: "Twenty-seven years' experience in using Quinn's Ointment has fully demonstrated that it is the most reliable remedy I know of. I recommend it to all horsemen." Sold by Rose & Jones.

The buffalo gnats in Graves, Ballard and Hickman counties are killing many horses, cattle and fowls. The people are themselves suffering from the pests, and are alarmed over their ravages.

Job printing cheap at this office.

MUSICAL MOTTOES

Which Served as Inspiration to the Toast Speakers at the Banquet to the Kentucky Press Association.

The list of toasts proposed at the banquet to the members of the Kentucky Press Association and accompanying ladies, was arranged by Judge J. Soule Smith, better known as "Falcon." Following are the names of the toasts, the toast speakers and the quotations, which served as inspiration to the after dinner orators:

"Old Kaintuck"—Gov. John Young Brown, of Kentucky.

"Terra antiqua potens armis, atque ubere glaciæ."
(An ancient land potent in arms, and in its fertile soil.)

"The Children of God's Country"—Ex-Gov. T. T. Crittenden, of Missouri.

"No matter where I be, in every land my mother's blood throbs in my veins, and he who counts its pulsings is my brother."

"The Pennyrite"—Urey Woodson, Owensboro Messenger.

"Like the heart of a woman I exhale fragrance even when bruised."

"The Mountains"—Tom H. Arnold, Middlesborough Critic.

"They rise above the morning's mist, They are the first to greet the sun; And when the weary day is done They sink to slumber, Heaven-kissed."

"Lexington"—W. P. Kimball.

"The Spring laughs when its sunbeams kiss her, and the Summer dreams of heaven when she nestles in his heart."

"Education"—Judge W. M. Beckner, of Winchester.

"There be shears which cut the threads of superstition, and knives which slay fallacies, but the schoolmaster doth sharpen them."

"The Learned Doctors"—Dr. J. Bryan.

"Chirurgical et apothecari,
Atque tota compagis avari,
Salus, honor, et argentum,
Atque bonum appetitum."

(To the surgeons and apothecaries, And the company assembled, Health, honor, lots of money And a good appetite.)

"The Law"—Emmett Logan, Louisville Times.

"But I prithee, sweet wax, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art King?—and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antiek, the law?"

"Woman"—J. Soule Smith, "Falcon."

"She is pretty to walk with, And witty to talk with, And pleasant, too, to think on."

"The Press"—It embraces all of them—E. Polk Johnson, Frankfort Capital.

"Prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, That I might drink thy tidings."

"The Poets of Kentucky"—Henry T. Stanton, of Frankfort.

"Sing when the sunlight falls, Sing when the blue bird calls, Sing to the mountain heights, But whisper in moonlight nights."

OPENING REGISTERED MAIL.

A Delegate-Elect to the National Republican Convention Arrived on a Serious Charge.

A. O. Huffman, a well-known and well-to-do citizen of Canmer, Hart county, who is a delegate-elect to the National Republican convention from the Fourth Congressional district, was arrested last week on a charge of opening registered letters addressed to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hettie Huffman.

Mrs. Huffman, in her affidavit for a warrant, states that two years ago Huffman received a registered letter from the postmaster at Canmer, promising that official to deliver it to her, but failed to do so, and took from it \$20. She also says that he subsequently received from the postmaster another registered letter addressed to her containing \$17, which he also appropriated.

Six Inches Long.

A midget child, bright and handsome, has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Springfield, Ohio. The baby is a girl and weighs less than three pounds with its clothes on, and after a week's existence seems as well and hearty as other infants. The child is about six inches in length and as far as the body is concerned is perfectly developed. A finger ring can easily be inserted on its legs and arms. There is a romance also connected with its birth. The parents were secretly married and the truth was not known until the child was born.

Falling hair may be prevented, gray hair made soft, and a renewed growth of the hair stimulated by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Monthly Crop Report.

The action of the legislature in appropriating \$100,000 for Kentucky's exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, to be held at Chicago, ought to be gratifying to every farmer in the State. Gov. Brown has appointed five commissioners, who are honest and judicious men, to take charge of the money, and they will make such an exhibit as will be of great value to the business interest of the State, and who doubts that, in the competition for the various prizes, that there will be more money brought back in premiums to Kentucky than was appropriated by the legislature.

The following report is made from reports of correspondents from every section of the State.

Wheat.—In my report of April 1st, I gave the condition of wheat at 92 as compared with same time last year. The last days of March and first days of April were fine for wheat, in fact vegetation of all kinds indicated an early spring; but on the 8th of the month the weather changed, the temperature dropped to, and below 30, with several hard freezes, and continued cold and cool until about the 25th; but from nearly all reports the wheat was not damaged, and I have to report it never looking better at this time of the year, and a bountiful harvest is anticipated.

Amount of old wheat on hand 81 per cent.

Corn.—Very little corn planted, owing to the very wet weather; from the 25th to the 28th the weather was fine for planting, but not many farmers were ready for planting. The planting season is later than it used to be. The larger part of the crop used to be planted in April, now the larger part of it is planted in May, and often running into June.

Report as to acreage, 85 per cent.

Sorghum.—Acreage as compared to last year, 65 per cent.

Potatoes.—Acreage, compared with last year, 80 per cent.

Tobacco.—As to acreage compared with last year, 85 per cent.; plants plentiful and looking well, in some few places killed by frost, and washed out and covered up by heavy rains.

Clover.—The crop looks well; the sowing this spring escaped the freezes and looks well. As compared with last year, 101 per cent.

Timothy.—Is not so well advanced as clover, but is looking well. As compared to last year, 100 per cent.

Pastures.—All kinds looking well, but would be improved by some warm, sunny days.

Hemp.—The present crop not all broken; weather has been very unfavorable for breaking, which will keep back plowing for new crop, and cause late sowing; the average for this year will be small, 74 per cent.

Apples.—The early fruit was thought to be all killed by the freezes of this month. Some very early cherries and strawberries were killed, but enough escaped to make a large yield. Very few early apples killed, and from present indications the crop of apples will be abundant.

Peaches.—Reports vary as to the peach crop; some correspondents report them badly damaged, while others report that the crop will be abundant, unless killed hereafter. Estimated per cent., 65.

Stock.—All kinds of stock wintered well except in some few counties, sheep have not done well. Since my last report there has been some improvement in price of mules, from the fact there is a better demand for cotton. The fat cattle market fully one dollar per hundred less than this time last year.

Gardens.—The demand for garden seed and seed corn has been very great. I wish I could have been able to have supplied them all, but it would have required a very large appropriation to have done so.

Very respectfully,
NICHOLAS McDOWELL,
Commissioner.

If your blood is vitiated, cleanse it without delay by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Heavy rains have caused floods in portions of Illinois, Iowa and Kansas. Much damage has been done to property.

Use the best preparation to cure gray hair and baldness—Hall's Hair Renewer.

The President approved the Chinese Exclusion bill.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, 111 E. KY.

ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

The Dangerous Adventure of a Naturalist in the Alps.

Mr. Grohman, an Englishman, was passing his annual vacation in the Tyrol, when he caught a pair of golden eagles had been ravaging one of the valleys, and were supposed to have their eyry on a certain mountain-side. At the first opportunity he secured the services of several wood-cutters, and started before daylight, meaning, if possible to secure the young bird which was believed to be then in the nest. They ascended the mountain, and looking over the edge of the perpendicular cliff could see a ledge about a hundred feet below them. The party consisted of nine men, including Mr. Grohman. One of them remained at the top, while the other eight lowered themselves to the ledge by means of a rope.

Here they fastened the fifty-fathom half-line rope to the stump of a tree, fixed a block of wood against the edge of the cliff for the rope to run over, fastened an iron ring in a crevice of the rocks, and prepared to lower Mr. Grohman to the eyry, which could be seen far below them.

A strong leather belt was fastened round his waist, with an iron ring in front through which the rope passed. To the end of the rope a stout piece of wood was knotted, and on this Mr. Grohman seated himself astraddle.

With a rifle on his back, a revolver in his pocket, a big knife in his belt, and a long pole in his hands, he was ready to start. Five men took hold of the rope, while the other two lay flat upon the rocks, rifles in hand, looking over the edge of the cliff. If the old birds should attack the intruder, his life would depend on those two rifles.

He had been on such expeditions before, but as he swung off into space, the prodigious height had at first a sort of paralyzing effect upon his mind. Little by little the feeling wore off, and soon he was really enjoying the sensation of hanging on the edge of the nest, bigger than a man's finger over an abyss nearly a thousand feet in depth.

The descent lasted ten or fifteen minutes. Then he found himself opposite the eagle's ledge, and jerked the signal-line. He was ten or twelve feet from the ledge, but with his pole, he was able to hook at one end, he was able to draw himself in, and presently was looking cautiously over the edge of the nest, which, to his astonishment, contained not one eagle, but two.

One of them, not without some lively efforts, he put into the canvas bag which he had brought for the purpose; the other he finally managed to secure by running a noose over its feet. He tied the bag to the signal-cord, arranged himself on his wooden seat, took the second bird in his left hand and gave the signal.

The men on the ledge above, contrary to instructions, gave a vigorous pull, which wrenched the pole out of Mr. Grohman's hands, and sent him away from the cliff at a frightful pace. The retrograde movement was likely to dash him against the rock with deadly force.

There was but one thing to do, and he had presence of mind enough to do it. He tilted the upper part of his body backward and his legs forward, and struck the rock with his feet, with no worse result than the edge of the nest, in his legs and a twitching sensation in his back and loins.

Just then a dark object flashed past him, so near that he felt the rush of air produced by its speed. He supposed it to be a stone; but presently he perceived that instead of being drawn upward he was quite stationary. One hour passed, then two hours, and still he swung there at the end of the rope. The day was far advanced; the old eagles were likely to return at any minute. To add to his misfortunes, a sharp thunderstorm came on, wetting him to the skin, and nearly blinding him with lightning.

At last, when he had thus hung between Heaven and earth for more than three hours, he felt a tug upon the rope, and in fifteen minutes was at the top with his two prizes.

It turned out that the falling object was the block over which the rope had run. This it was necessary to replace, lest the rope should be cut by the sharp edge of the rock, and the long delay had been occasioned by the necessity of sending the one man at the top down to the base of the peak to fetch a young tree, and make a new block.

He was returning with the block when the thunder-shower overtook him. A flash of lightning struck a boulder close by, and threw him senseless to the ground. If the lightning had struck him instead of the boulder, Mr. Grohman's situation would have been serious indeed. Probably the whole party would have starved to death.—Youth's Companion.

How It Is Done.

Jones—Why, Brown, your claim is preposterous. Did you ever expect to get it through congress?

Brown—Easy enough: I've hired an influential United States senator for my lawyer.

"Ah, I see. But it must cost a heap of money."

"Yes; and I have taken him in as a partner, too."—Texas Siftings.

FOR TRUSTS ONLY.

The Republican Plan Is for the Benefit of Corporations Alone.

The democratic party is trying to renege the real wealth of the country—its wheat, corn, cotton, provisions and other articles of international exchange.

The price of all commodities exported by us under the republican tariff against return cargoes is subject to the limitations of the European gold supply, and it is a universally admitted fact that there is not gold enough in Europe to carry on the international movement of the world.

Yet while this is admitted, we put a tax averaging sixty per cent. on the buying power of all the surplus of the Mississippi valley exports to Europe. This tax is not levied on the outgoing commodity, but on the commodities which are exported. The same end is reached, however, by levying the tax against return cargoes of manufactured goods. The surplus of Europe is chiefly manufactured goods, and can pay in manufactured goods for our surplus.

Higher prices than it can pay in any other way. But we are not allowed to take the surplus of Europe. The tariff forces us to sell for gold or for a few selected articles of raw material.

One can fail to see that this limits both the quantity and the price of our valuably exports. It is a cargo of wheat or cotton to England or Germany. We demand gold for importation to America. The answer is: "We have no gold for export. There is barely enough to make the changes which our governments have demoralized silver."

We need your goods, but we are practically out of money, and if you demand gold only we cannot trade. This is not said in so many words, for business men do not take time for "so many words." They simply decline to trade. Then the seller looks around for something he can buy with his valley products, which, offered in exchange for gold only, would be less than their living selling price. As measured against the scarcity of gold in Europe, they become too cheap to bear the expense of exporting. He finds on examination that if he buys raw sugar and a few other like articles, he can get them into the United States without being fined for it. No he exchanges them for raw sugar and other articles needed by our trusts and sells to the trusts what he is allowed to bring back as return cargoes.

Of course, this is not intended to be accepted as a statement of the details of the trade, but it is a fair and accurate outline of the general course of our valley trade with Europe. But for articles of foreign production now on the market, we would have no exports for gold only, but in the world to move out any considerable portion of the surplus we produce or could produce in the Mississippi valley if we were allowed to exchange it freely on its merits at its exchange value in comparison with what we need most in exchange for it.

And this must always be remembered—that where we are the valley surplus of agricultural exports we are allowed to take foreign products in exchange, it is only and always for the primary benefit of manufacturing corporations.

The republican plan is in favor of free trade for the trusts only.

All articles on the free list, all articles we can bring in from abroad without being fined for it under the McKinley tariff, are the use of manufacturing corporations only. We are forbidden to bring in a single dollar's worth of any article that is in a shape in which we are likely to be able to use it at all.

Convince the republican party that free trade in any article will help the trusts, and they will put that article on the free list at once.

See how this works out in the Harrison-Blaine "reciprocity." Spanish America is a farming country with no manufactured goods to sell. No the republicans say to the exporters of the farm products of Mississippi valley: "Send your farm products to the South American farmers, who have nothing to sell in competition with the trusts, and you can trade all you like as long as you do not buy anything the trusts want to sell you."

There is nothing new about this. It is simply the old republican plan of free trade for the trusts only. We are not allowed to buy anything the trusts want bought, and we are only allowed to sell abroad in the measure of the quantities of foreign products the trusts are willing to have imported. We must either sell them for gold or gold only with our exports, which means no trade at all abroad and ruinous prices at home.

This is the trouble with cotton now, and except the European famine years it is the trouble with all the products of the valley.

A SHAMELESS OUTRAGE.

The Plan Adopted by Republicans to Steal Ohio.

The republican party in Ohio has determined to perpetrate the grossest outrage upon popular representation conceived in years. The two great parties are of almost equal strength in the state as shown by the fact that for years Ohio has been represented in the United States senate by a democrat and a republican, and democrats and republicans have alternated as a rule in the chair of the governor. The state is entitled to twenty-one members of congress, and on a basis of apportionment the democrats are entitled to ten, or at least nine. In the tidal wave of 1890 they carried nineteen districts. The republicans now propose to gerrymander the state so that twenty-five districts shall be democratic while sixteen shall be republican. To carry out this fraud it has been necessary to ignore population as a basis of representation, and some of the districts are so small that they double the population of republican districts.

The wrong is done not to the democrats of Ohio alone but to the democracy of the entire country. By this iniquity the republican party is robbing the members in the next house of representatives by a method as shameless as the stuffing of ballot boxes or the coercion of voters.

The democracy of New York has just framed a congressional apportionment bill. Although this state almost invariably gives a democratic majority and it has not for years given a republican majority exceeding twenty thousand, this democratic bill makes only seventeen districts democratic, fourteen republican and three doubtful. The justice of the democracy of New York is thus being robbed by the part of Ohio republicanism. The four democratic seats it is proposed to steal in Ohio are stolen from the entire party from New York democrats as much as from Ohio democrats. It would be an easy matter for the party in this state to do a wrong that shall thwart the wrong proposed in Ohio, and the temptation to fight fire with fire is a strong one. We have rejected because the democratic party in New York does not propose to abuse the power bestowed upon it by a majority of fifty thousand at the recent election.—Albany Argus.

WOULD NOT REJECT IT.

Harrison Would Undoubtedly Be Glad of the Renomination.

President Harrison would cause the greatest surprise of his party career, should he vindicate the declaration of Senator Proctor that he will not really be a candidate for renomination. The senator has been in the Harrison cabinet since the beginning of the year, and he is not likely to be a strong as a new man. He finds that in half a century there have been but two exceptions to the one-term rule—Lincoln and Grant—and they were called upon by the stress of great issues with which they were identified. Harrison has been unable to inaugurate a war with Chili, and the seal business will not serve him any more with the greater power. The fact that his name has been allowed to elect delegates for him looks like candidacy, but his pride may be involved in this. Possibly he would have the convention decide upon the renomination in the confidence of expectation that he would hand it back. That might be a confidence scheme in the business sense. It may be safely understood that McKinley acted in the only manner in which the majority of the delegates decide to select another man.—St. Paul Globe.

NOTES AND OPINIONS.

—President Harrison's patriotism is somewhat inflated just now because negotiations are not going his way, but all that will be allayed by the ideas of November, if not before.—Detroit Free Press.

—Boss Quay says that "the republican presidential nomination will simplify itself as the days go by." And it will. Mr. Harrison is arranging the fact that his name has been allowed to elect delegates for him looks like candidacy, but his pride may be involved in this. Possibly he would have the convention decide upon the renomination in the confidence of expectation that he would hand it back. That might be a confidence scheme in the business sense. It may be safely understood that McKinley acted in the only manner in which the majority of the delegates decide to select another man.—St. Paul Globe.

—It is not judicious to apply rigid rules to the flights of political orators. The president of the republican convention last year after his speech to James G. Blaine as "the most commanding figure of all the earth—the idol, not only of his own party, but of all the earth." If the speaker had thought of it he would have included the word "idol" in his speech. There is no doubt. When the precise facts are reached not one-quarter of the world has ever heard of Blaine. The lunatic asylums would hold those who want to make him their idol.—St. Paul Globe.

THE OLD FIREPLACE.

Romantic Associations That Cluster Around Its Memory.

The spirit of innovation has invaded nearly every farmhouse in the land, and caused the old fireplace to be filled up. In many cases this was an invasion, pure and simple. An improvement may be always an innovation, but not every innovation is an improvement. Few, if any, houses, can be found where the fireplace is used as it was before the stove as a stove for cooking came into use. The stove was an improvement, and no one would think of going back to the fireplace and its swinging cranes. It marched into the sitting-room, parlor, into every room where there was a fireplace, and demanded that the "blackened holes in the wall" should be filled up and forever removed from sight. Then came the smart parlor, the room, perhaps with nickel trimmings and a kind of graveyard urn on top.

O, how much was blotted out when the broad fireplace disappeared! What recollections of childhood, old-time feeling and sentiment, aye, and sacred memories were buried, walled up, in that brick and mortar! And what cheerfulness and companionship was black stunted thing, often, contrary, often smoking; a thing on legs, with its gorgon eyes staring through insignificant spectacles.

It was a long time before the older members of the family could be reconciled to the stove. When the day's work was done and the family gathered for evening enjoyment, then it appeared as if something had gone out of their lives as if a cherished friend was silent forever.

In the long winter evenings how the farmer enjoyed himself before the burning logs. He smoked his pipe, mended his shoes, and mended his old-made pipe by heating irons and thrusting them into the elder; or toying with the poker, petted the fire and drew out roasted apples and chestnuts, and how the fire laughed and leaped, talked and sung and told stories, entering into the spirit of all the merry-making. What merry times went on around these fireplaces! On winter nights, when the stars were out, the fire burned, the jester in the circle exclaimed: "Attention, all hands, right-about face, now," and the company turned its back to the fireplace, and the jester, who was a thing hearty, generous, free, in a brisk, clack or hickory fire, in comparison with which the handful of coals in the black box called a stove appear mean and stunted.

Why was innovation allowed to run rampant through the house? Why was it not restrained, or rather compelled, to keep its hands off the fireplace in the room where the family gathered for joyment? Because, in many cases, the fireplace was considered "old-fashioned," hence the younger members of the family prevailed, and the older members of the family were as a rule, useful institutions, the open wood fire, for a roaring wood fire attracts, entertains and keeps its audience at home, while the stove repels, and sends the family to the next place where a fireplace will win where a stove will lose. What enjoyment is found in looking at a stove?

A fireplace, or fireplaces, ought to be in every house, old or new. They are the downy agents for great good. They purify and keep the air good, and they do a great deal toward keeping the occupants of the house good, and in health and in mind. If a fireplace remains and fashion wishes to demolish it, resist to the last. Do not let that usurper, the stove, with its black and brazen front, come in anywhere, where, by its cold, poisonous breath, fashion may no longer demand such sacrifices, for the age is turning back to fireplaces, and they are growing more numerous and larger every year. When the time comes there are awake to their senses, or to the senses of their parents or grand-parents.—Geo. A. Stockwell, in American Agriculturist.

COULDN'T SEE IT.

A Telegraph Operator Who Had No Poetry in His Soul.

I was talking to the telegraph operator during a lull in his work, and with some degree of interest was dilating upon the mysterious power he controlled with a finger tap.

"It's a wonderful thing, isn't it," I said, "this chaining of the lightning?" "There are ways understood chain lightning was no slouch," he responded, rattling the key of his instrument.

"Your work is most interesting, I should say," I remarked, "when the messages go flashing over the wires."

"I never saw one flash, I think. They just tickety tick tick tick, unless a wire's down."

"In moments of exciting events, the wires are kept hot with flying messages aren't they?"

"I never went outside to feel a wire," he said slowly, as if he wanted to be sure he was right, "but I don't think a wire ever sets the telegraph poles on fire."

"The lightning like rapids with which it is beset, with a mass of opinions we held, and feeling that the operator had no poetry in his soul, when he made a grab for the key and for the next tick tick tick tick, was so sure, swearing at something that I became very tired and walked out of the place.—Detroit Free Press.



Copyright 1891

Rather risky—the offer that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Risky for them. For you, if you have Catarrh, it's a certainty. You're certain to be cured of it, or to be paid \$500. That's what they offer, and in good faith—they cure you, or pay you, no matter how bad your case, or how long standing.

But—is it so much of a risk? They have a medicine that cures Catarrh, not for a time, but for all time. They've watched it for years, curing the most hopeless cases. They know that in your case there's every chance of success, almost no chance of failure.

Wouldn't any one take such a risk with such a medicine?

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk?

If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist fifty cents and the trial begins.

"August Flower"

"I am happy to state to you and to suffering humanity, that my wife has used your wonderful remedy, August Flower, for sick headache and palpitation of the heart, with satisfactory results. For several years she has been a great sufferer, has been under the treatment of eminent physicians in this city and Boston, and found little relief. She was induced to try August Flower, which gave immediate relief. We cannot say to much for it." L. C. Frost, Springfield, Mass.

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WILD CHERRY BITTERS
A MEDICINAL USE
RECOMMENDED

RELIEVES All Stomach Distress.
REMOVES Nausea, Soreness of Fulness,
CONGESTION, FLATULENCY.
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RESTORES Normal Circulation, and
WARMES TO THE TIPS.

DR. HARTNER MEDICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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When you buy Flags you want the best. Government Standard is the best; the largest flag dealers in the U. S. are G. W. SIMMONS & CO., Oak Hall, Boston, Mass. Dealers in Military Uniforms. Write for a Flag Catalogue.

FLAGS.

Ely's Cream Balm
WELL CURED
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents

THE TABERNACLE.

The Brooklyn Ship Has Buffered Many a Storm,

But Is Now Sailing Upon a Glassy Sea—
Hosanna the Feature of an Interest-
ing Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

Dr. Talmage's subject Sunday was "The Three Tabernacles." A Story of the Holy Land, the mountain called by another "a mountain of ice," by another "a glittering breast-plate of ice," by another "the Mount Blanc of Palestine." Its top has almost always been in the clouds. But what must it have been in the time to which my text refers? Peter and James and John were on that mountain top with Jesus, when, suddenly, Christ's face took on the glow of the noonday sun, and Moses and Elijah, who had been dead for centuries, came out from the heavenly world and talked with our Saviour. What an overwhelming three! Moses, representing the law; Elijah, representing the prophets; and Christ, representing all worlds. Impetuous Peter was so wrought upon by the presence of this wondrous throng, that, without waiting for time to consider how preposterous was the proposition, cried out: "Let us make three tabernacles: one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elijah." Where would they get the material for building one tabernacle, much less material enough to build three? The question is still less, how would they get the material for building three? Where would they get the hammers? Where the gold? Where the silver? Where the carvings? Where the costly ornaments? Hermon is a barren peak, and to build one tabernacle in such a place would have been an undertaking beyond human achievement, and Peter was propounding the question which he cried out in his enthusiasm: "Let us build three tabernacles." And yet, that is what this congregation has been called upon to do and has done. The first Brooklyn tabernacle was dedicated in 1874 and destroyed by fire in 1889. The second Brooklyn tabernacle was dedicated in April, 1891, and in that year we were asked to propose, what sounded absurd to Peter to propose, when he said on Mt. Hermon, in the language of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles," we have not only done, but in the mysterious providence of God, we were compelled to do.

We have been unjustly criticised by people who did not know the facts, sometimes for putting so much money in church buildings, and sometimes for not giving as much as we ought to this or that denominational project, and no explanation has yet been made. Before I get through with the delivery of this sermon and its publication and display, I shall show that no other church on earth has ever done more magnificently, and that no church ever conquered more trials, and that no membership ever had in it more heroes and heroines than this Brooklyn tabernacle, and I mean to have it known to every individual or religious newspaper or secular newspaper that hereafter casts any reflection on this church's fidelity and generosity is guilty of a wickedness for which God will hold him or her responsible. One year it was sent out through a syndicate of newspapers that this church was doing nothing in the way of liberality, when we had that year raised \$94,000 in cash for religious uses. There has been persistent and hemispheric lying against this church. We have raised during my pastorate for church building and religious purposes, \$800,000, or practically \$1,000,000. Not an Irish family or a Charleston earthquake, or an Ohio froshet, or a Chicago conflagration, but our church was among the first to help. We have given free seats in the morning and evening services to 240,000 strangers a year, and that in twenty years would amount to 4,800,000 auditors. We have received into our membership 3,357 members, and that only a small percentage of the number of those who have been converted to God from all parts of this land and from other lands. Under the blessing of God, and through the unswerving faithfulness of our sermons now go every week into every neighborhood in Christendom, and are regularly translated into nearly all the great languages of Europe and Asia.

The style of architecture of this sermon publication informed me a few days ago that my printed sermons every week, in this and other lands, go into the hands of 250,000 men, women, and children a year. I am authorized to inform, over 2,000 different periodicals were added to the list of those which make this publication. And yet there are ministers of the Gospel and religious newspapers that systematically and intentionally and continuously charge this church with idleness and selfishness and parsimony. I call the attention of the whole earth to this outrage that has been heaped upon the Brooklyn tabernacle. It is a consecrated, benevolent and splendid congregation of men and women were never gathered together outside of Heaven. I have never before responded to these insinuations, and probably will never refer to them again, but I wish the people of this country and other countries to know that what they read concerning the selfishness and idleness, and lack of benevolence and lack of missionary spirit on the part of this church, is a top to bottom and from stem to stern, diabolical falsehood. A falsehood against myself has no effect, except, like that of a coarse Turkish towel, the rubbing down by which improves circulation and produces good health. This continuous misrepresentation of my beloved church, in the name of Almighty God, I denounce, while I appeal to the fair-minded men and women to see that a justice done this people, who within a few years have gone through a struggle that no other church in my land or any age has been called to endure, and I pray God that no other church may ever be called to endure, viz., the building of three tabernacles. I ask the friends of the Brooklyn tabernacle to cut out this sermon from the newspapers and put it in their pocket-books, so that they can intelligently answer the fabulists, whether clerical or lay. And with these you may put that other statement, which recently went through the country and which I saw in Detroit, which said that the Brooklyn tabernacle had a hard financial struggle, because it had all along been paying such enormous salaries to its pastor, Dr. Talmage, when the fact is that, after our last disaster and for years, I gave all my salary to the church building fund. I received \$6,000 less than nothing; in other words, in addition to serving this church gratuitously for two years, I let it have \$6,000 for building purposes. Why is it that people could not do us justice and say that all our financial struggle as a church came from doing what Peter, in my text, absurdly tried to do, but which, in the inscrutable providence of God, we were compelled to do—build three tabernacles.

Now, I feel better that this is off my mind. The rest of my sermon will be spun out of hosannas. I announce to you this day that we are at last, as a church, in smooth waters. Arrangements have been made by which our financial difficulties are now fully and satisfactorily adjusted. Our income will exceed our out-go, and the Brooklyn tabernacle will be yours and belong to you and your children after you, and anything you see contrary to this you may put down to the confirmed habit which some people have of misrepresenting this church and its work and its work. When I came to Brooklyn I came to a small church and a big indebtedness. We are now the largest protestant church in America, and financially as a congregation we are the largest. Beyond all indebtedness, considerably more than \$150,000.

I have preached here twenty-three years, and I expect, if my life and health permit, to preach here twenty-three years longer, although we will all do well to remember that our breath is in our nostrils, and any hour we may be called to give an account of our stewardship. All we ask for the future is that you do your best, contributing all you can to the support of our institutions. Our best days are yet to come; our greatest revivals of religion are in our midst; the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. We have got through Red Sea and land today on the other bank, clapping the cymbals of victory. Do you wonder that last Sabbath I asked you to sing with jubilant voice the long meter Doxology:

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him ye angels in high places,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Yes, twenty-three years have passed since I came to live in Brooklyn, and they have been the most successful years. There was a protracted church to which came, a church so flat down it could drop no further. Through controversies which it would be useless to rehearse it was well nigh extinct, and for a long while it had been without a pastor. But nineteen members could be mustered to sign call for my coming. As a committee was putting that call before me in an upper room in my house in Philadelphia, there were two other committees on similar errands from other churches in other rooms, whom my wife was entertaining and keeping apart from unhappy collision. The auditorium of its decision reached to which I came defied all the laws of acoustics; the church had a steep that was the derision of the town, and a high box pulpit which shut in the preacher as though he were a prisoner, and it was so that it was a caricature that was unnecessary to keep back the people, for they were so few that a minister of ordinary music could have kept back all who were there. My first Sabbath in Brooklyn, the far church was down until then, on the evening of that day my own brother, through whose pocket I entered the ministry, died. At 6 o'clock in the evening, as I was to preach at 7:30. But from that day the blessing of God was on us, and in three months we began the enlargement of the building, and here the close of that year we resolved to construct the first tabernacle.

It was to be a temporary structure, and therefore we called it a tabernacle instead of a temple. The style of architecture was the immediate question. I had always thought the amphitheatrical shape would be appropriate for a church. Two distinguished architects were employed, and after much to us that such a building was impossible for religious purposes,

as it would not be churchly, and would subject themselves and us to ruinous attacks. In other words, they were not ready for a reproach in church architecture. Utterly disheartened as to my favorite style of architecture, I said to the trustees: "Build any thing you please, and I must be satisfied." But one mortal, a young architect appeared at my house and asked if we had selected a plan for our church. I said: "No, and what we want we can not get. But that style of a building do you want?" He said: "Yes, I want a lead pencil and a letter envelope from my pocket, in less than a minute, by a few curved lines, I indicated in the rough what we wanted. But," I said, "old architects tell us it can't be done, and there is no use in your trying." He said, "I can do it. How long can I have to make out the plans?" I said, "This evening at 8 o'clock everything is to be decided."

At 8 o'clock that evening the architect presented his plans, and the bid of builder and mason were presented, and in five minutes after the plans were presented they were unanimously adopted. So that the architect and the way of the trustees during the work, I went to Europe, and when I got back the church was well-nigh done. But here came in a staggering hindrance. We expected that the old building, by the sale of the old building. The old one had been sold, but just at the time we must have the money the purchasers backed out and we had two churches and no money. But the help of God and the indomitable and unparalleled energy of our trustees (here and there one of them present to-day, but the most in a better world), we got the building ready for consecration, and on September 3, 1891, morning and evening, dedicatory services were held, and in the afternoon the children, with sweet and multitudinous voices, consecrated the place to God. Twenty thousand dollars were raised that day to pay a floating debt. In the morning old Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the glory of the Episcopal church and the Chrysostom of the American pulpit, reached a sermon, which lingered in its gracious effects as long as the building stood. He read enough of the Episcopal prayer-book to keep himself from being repimanded by his bishop for preaching a non-episcopal service; and we, although belonging to another denomination, responded with heartiness, as though we were used to the Liturgy: "Good Lord, deliver us!"

Two thousand dollars were raised that day to pay a floating debt. In the morning old Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the glory of the Episcopal church and the Chrysostom of the American pulpit, reached a sermon, which lingered in its gracious effects as long as the building stood. He read enough of the Episcopal prayer-book to keep himself from being repimanded by his bishop for preaching a non-episcopal service; and we, although belonging to another denomination, responded with heartiness, as though we were used to the Liturgy: "Good Lord, deliver us!"

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COMBS HOUSE,
CAMPION, N.Y.

S. S. COMBS, PROPRIETOR.
The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table set and every attention for the comfort of guests.

FRED KELLAM,
WITH

M. & S. TIMMONDS,
Wholesale Grocers,

apolly
PORTSMOUTH, E.

SALARY, \$25 PER WEEK.
WANTED: GOOD AGENTS TO SELL OUR GENERAL LINE OF MEDICALS. NO PEDDLING. ABOVE SALARY WILL BE PAID TO "LIVE" AGENTS. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS: CHICAGO GENERAL SUPPLY CO., 178 W. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

HENRY MATLOCK,
WITH

McMILLAN, HAZEN & CO.,

WHOLESALE

BOOTS AND SHOES,

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

The above goods are handled by J. A. DAY & CO., Hazel Green, Ky.

MARKS: BROS.

& MARKS,

CLOTHING

—AND—

CLOTH & HOUSE,

Nos. 134-138 RACE STREET,

CINCINNATI, C

THE KRUSE & BAHMAN

HARDWARE

—COMPANY,—

11, 15 and 17 West Pearl Street,

CINCINNATI, O.

The wholesale trade of Eastern Kentucky is respectfully solicited.

—THE—

GEO. W. McALPIN

—COMPANY,—

Wholesale Dry Goods & Notions,

101, 103 and 105 W. Fourth Street,

South Side, CINCINNATI, O.

GROSSMAN,

SCHLEUTER

& CO.,

Saddlery

and Harness,

Nos. 74 and 76 Main Street,

CINCINNATI, O.

GUS MEYER,
WITH

W. M. KERR & CO.,

—JOHNS IN—

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,

OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS,

MALTA TOWNS FERTILIZER,

CHAMPION REAPERS & MOWERS,

STANDARD AND ACME HARROWS,

DOORS AND SASH SPECIALTY.

Nos. 110 & 112 Second Street,
ELY, IRONTON, OHIO.

DO YOU WANT TO SAVE

FROM 25 TO 50 CENTS ON EVERY

DOLLAR YOU SPEND? IF SO, WRITE

FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

CONTAINING ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES

OF EVERYTHING MANUFACTURED IN

THE UNITED STATES, AT MANUFACTUR-

ERS' PRICES. 10,000 ILLUSTRATIONS,

ALL LINES REPRESENTED. CATALOGUE

MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

ADDRESS: CHICAGO GENERAL SUPPLY CO.,

NO. 178 WEST VAN BUREN ST.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

STATIONERY. Writing Papers, Envelopes, Ink, Pens, etc., for sale at this office. Ladies' note paper, 10c per ream. Call on us when you need stationery.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:

FRIDAY, May 13, 1892.

CURRENT NEWS AND COMMENT.

THE report comes from Greenville, Miss., that the Mississippi river is higher than ever before known, but as the levees have withstood the flood so far and remain intact, no danger of inundation is feared.

AN entire span of the Memphis and Charleston bridge at Florence, Ala., gave way Friday of last week and Jack Hamlet, a brakeman on the train, was killed outright, while Engineer Clem was so badly injured that he cannot recover.

OUR Legislature is composed of a body of first-class "time-killers," and the people pay the piper. The expenditures of the State government for April were \$279,244.61, leaving a deficit of \$79,891.77 in the general fund, and a total of only \$381,201.63 in the treasury.

TWO negro murderers, L. D. Slaughter and Thos. Bailey, were executed at Little Rock, Ark., at noon on Friday last. Both of their necks were broken by the fall. Slaughter killed his mistress, and Bailey murdered a peddler. The hanging was in the jail enclosure and witnessed by only about twenty persons.

BILLY MAHONEY last week succeeded in preventing the Virginia Republicans from instructing for Harrison, for whom he has neither political nor personal friendship. Mahoney is a manipulator from "way back, and should Harrison be nominated, Virginia Republicans will only give him a lukewarm support.

MCMURRY, the Representative from Kenton county who was recently called before a committee of the General Assembly to answer charges of conduct unbecoming a gentleman and a legislator, and who received a coat of whitewash too thin to hide his conduct, last week introduced a bill to close all barber shops on Sunday.

THE Sentinel Democrat, though disfigured by fire, showed up Friday as usual, and our old friend Cassidy certainly deserves praise for his promptness and energy in the matter. To him and Capt. Havens THE HERALD extends sympathy for their losses, and stands ready and willing to aid them in any way it can.

THE handwriting on the wall seems to have been indited with indelible ink, and the people of the country read the lines, "Grover Cleveland will be the nominee of the Chicago convention and our next President." Like morning mists, the names which have heretofore appeared in dimly outlined characters have faded from view. The people rule, not the politicians.

IN an interview last week, a Southern Senator in Washington said: "The leaders of the Alliance have made a complete failure in their effort to organize a political party, and the third party cloud that has been hanging over some of the Southern States is beginning to dissipate. I do not think the third party will cut much of a figure in any locality, and will not carry a single electoral vote in the whole country."

CANDIDATES for Congress in this district should place their announcements early, that "the dear people" may know who is in the field. For the service we can render our rates are extremely liberal, and their patronage is herewith solicited. Announcements are \$10 each, in advance, and other matters in their interest will be 10 cents a line, with a 10 per cent. discount where the matter is 100 lines or more. Now is the time to announce.

SENATOR CARLELE, in an interview with a New York World representative a few days since, says: "I certainly am not a candidate for President in the sense of seeking the nomination. If Kentucky decides to present my name to the convention in view of existing conditions, that is another thing." He also expressed the opinion that Mr. Cleveland would be the nominee if the Chicago convention should decide that the party could win without New York, and in the event he were not nominated, no New York man would be chosen.

Just So.

Mr. Mills was called "the logical candidate" for Speaker. He was not successful, but it is undeniable that a great many Democrats who did not favor him think it would have been better if he had been.—New York World.

And if Cleveland, who is the "logical" candidate for the Presidency, is not nominated at the Chicago convention, about the latter part of the first week after the Presidential election, the whole Democratic party may feel that it would have been better for the party and country if he had been. Never throw aside the "logical" candidate for an untimely quantity.—Cincinnati (Ky.) Democrat.

"Them's our sentiments," as the retiring man said when he pointed to the Lord's Prayer posted on the wall.

Why not gratify Col. Salyer's ambition by making him a delegate to the Chicago convention? We have no man in our district better qualified than he. No one who more idolizes the party to which he belongs. No one who is more anxious for the success of the party than he, and no one who more cheerfully contributes his time and money to the promotion of the Democratic party than Col. John P. Salyer, of West Liberty. He declares in his recent declaration that he is for the best interests of the party, and not for a favorite candidate. He declares that he is of the belief that neither of New York's most prominent candidates can be elected; not that they are unfit for the position, but for the lack of unity of the Democrats of that State. Let our delegates be men who are for the best interest of the party, and who have no selfish motive in view, and in their wisdom they will name a standard bearer who will be the most acceptable to the people.—Morgan County Messenger.

There has been for a long time considerable speculation as to who Governor Brown would appoint Railroad Commissioner for Eastern Kentucky, and there was a host of applicants for the place, all of whom had rendered Governor Brown more or less service. It was reasonable to suppose that some one of these would get the position, on the principle that "to the victors belong the spoils," but the boys who yelled for Brown were rewarded by seeing an original Clay man capture the prize. Such is politics, but certainly not principle.—Hazel Green Herald.

Them's our sentiments, Bro. Cooper, and "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries, Hold, enough." Governor Brown can smoke out an Eastern Kentucky Democrat upon whom to bestow office located where Republicans are as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, but in the Tenth Congressional district where Democrats are found in droves, our grateful Governor is unable to find a partisan upon whom he thinks it expedient to bestow a crumb of his official patronage. A mighty man this far famed and far "fetched" Governor—wonder if he drinks.—Morgan County Messenger.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Maytown Mistles.

H. W. Little has bought the Rev. R. D. Bivins' property, near the Sulphur spring.

Mrs. Nelly Shumate, of Gates Station, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Manker.

Married, in town, last night, Cooper Ingram to Miss Sallie Peters, Rev. W. W. Manker officiating.

Can't some one of the many HERALD readers send a blacksmith to Maytown? Steady work and good pay.

W. W. Manker has bought of M. W. Pieratt a nice lot on Main street and is getting lumber on the ground for a fine residence.

James Neff was moving at an unusual pace Saturday evening. When asked the trouble, he said, "Nothing at all." It's a girl this time.

T. P. Williams was on our streets a few days ago, hat under arm, and said the Democrats wanted to burn his hat because they were both boys and named Roy Blaine and Reed Allison.

Assa Pieratt, his little son Dorey and Miss Lizzie, daughter of Hon. J. M. Pieratt, of Ezel, were in town Saturday to meet Mrs. Frazier and little daughter, from Charleston, Ill. Mrs. F. is a sister of Hon. G. B. Swango.

Bro. Joseph Lykins, of Cox Lodge, No. 464, will deliver a Masonic address at Maytown on Saturday, 14th inst. at one o'clock. He will also confer the Eastern Star degree. The fraternity everywhere are invited to be present.

Well, the John Robinson show has come and gone, and so has the Peoples party convention; but, oh, where has it gone? Echo answers, From whence it came. Only two counties in the district represented at the Campton convention last Saturday. What a disappointment to the would-be leaders of that g. p. p. May 9. WINGLESS.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR BARGAIN COUNTERS.

It Will Pay You to Read All This.



While in Cincinnati we got hold of a Stock of Goods at 50 cents on the dollar, spot cash, which we are going to give to our friends and the public while it lasts. We have made up our minds that we are going to show the people that we appreciate their splendid patronage in the past, and we are going to sell the splendid purchase we made at less than the goods can be manufactured for. All we ask of you is to give our several

BARGAIN TABLES

A look. We are going to name a few of the many big drives we will offer you:

Good Plaid Cotton, sold for 8½c., now 5c. a yard.
New Spring Style Shirting Prints, fast colors, 4c. a yard.
New Spring Style Dress Prints, fast colors, 5c. a yard.
Plaid Cheviot Suitings, former price 15c., now 6½c. a yard.
Camels' Hair Suitings, formerly 20c., now 10c. a yard.
Heavy Jeans, two good colors, 10c. a yard.
Heavy Cottonade, worth 20c., now 10c. a yard.
Cedar Pencils 5c. a dozen.
Large Rubber Head Lead Pencils, 10c. a dozen.
Falcon Bank and School Pens, 5c. a dozen.
75 Needles, or three papers for 5c.
Large size Shaving Glass worth 10c. for 5c.
Extra large size Shoe Blacking 5c. a box.
Good Shoe Brush for 10c.
Good Garter Web 2 yards 5c. or 25c. a bolt.
2 Extra large boxes Lily White for 5c.
Heavy Weight Note Paper, 24 sheets or 1 quire, 5c.
50 Envelopes or 2 packages for 5c.
Five Thimbles, all sizes, for 5c.
Extra large Gilt Back Blank Book for 5c.
Wire Garters and Sleeve Holders 5c.
24 Shoe Laces for 5c.
7, 8 and 9-inch Covered Dress Steels 5c. a dozen.
Large 8 inch Rubber Redding Comb for 5c.
Large Horn and Rubber Fine Comb, two for 5c.
Large Double Lock Money Purse 5c.
School and Package Strap 10c.
Ladies' Hose, absolutely fast black, 5c. a pair.
Ladies' Fancy Hose, extra large, 5c. a pair.
Seamless Mixed Socks 5c. a pair.
Splendid Fancy Socks 5c. a pair.
Children's Black and Fancy Hose 5c. a pair.
Fancy Donnet Flannel Overshirts 25c. each.
Men's Fancy Web End Suspenders 10c. a pair.
28-inch Turkey Red Bandana Handkerchief for 5c.
Children's Fancy Handkerchiefs 1c. each.
Extra heavy and well made Striped Jeans Pants worth \$1.50 for \$1.00 a pair.
Extra heavy 16-rib Umbrellas for 75c. each.
Genuine Gloria Silk Umbrellas for \$1 each.
Large Fancy Border Hand Towels 10c. a pair.
Fancy Colored Window Curtains, good, 5c. a yard.
One dozen Napkins, fringed, for 25c.

And thousands of other items we could name at equally low prices. In addition to above immense bargains we will sell to every cash purchaser of \$5.00 or over, also to every person paying us \$10.00 or over in cash on notes and accounts,

6 Pounds of our Choicest Coffee for One Dollar.

We also give free to every cash purchaser of \$1.00 or more a very handsome gilt frame looking glass, or a large size picture or chromo. We have the largest

General Merchandise

Stock in the State outside of Louisville. We want your patronage and will make prices to secure it.

We will also take in exchange for merchandise or on notes and accounts all kinds of merchantable produce, live stock, saw logs and railroad cross ties.

J. T. DAY & CO.,

THE LEADING MERCHANTS OF EASTERN KENTUCKY.

FRED J. HEINTZ
Manufacturing Jeweler,
135 E. MAIN STREET,
Custom House Square,
LEXINGTON,
KY.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Solid Silver AND Optical Goods.

TRIMBLE BROS.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
MT. STERLING, KY.

Consignments of produce and the patronage of Mountain Merchants respectfully solicited. J. R. Sharp, Bruce Trimble, T. G. Denton.

SHARP, TRIMBLE & DENTON,
MT. STERLING, KY.

Have now a complete line of Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes and Gents' Furnishing Goods. We solicit an inspection of our goods, and guarantee prices satisfactory and articles as recommended.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,
MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, \$200,000. J. M. BIGSTAFF, President. G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President. W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need. W. W. THOMPSON, Cash.

R. S. STRADER & SON,
(Successors to J. A. LAIL & CO.)

74 E. MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.

Wholesale Dealers in

Straight Kentucky Whiskies,

Wines, Brandies, &c.

FINE OLD WHISKY A SPECIALTY.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Agents for "Old Pugh, Old Pepper, Old Tarr and Old Taylor."

H. & G. FEDER,

"Cut Price House."

165 & 167 RACE STREET,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

UNDERWEAR, SHAWLS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, BLANKETS, SLIPPERS, and all kinds of small wares and other goods in Notion and Furnishing Goods Line.

H. & G. FEDER & CO.,

300 Church Street, New York.

Special attention to mail orders.

THE WINCHESTER BANK,
WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.

R. D. UNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.

Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

ROSE & DeBUSK,

Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Blacksmithing of all kinds solicited and work promptly done. We make a specialty of building 2-horse wagons, and guarantee all work.

NOTICE—All who are indebted to the firm, or either of us for work, must come and settle, and cash or satisfactory terms will be demanded for all work done hereafter. Thanking you for past patronage and desiring a continuance of the same, we are, respectfully,

ROSE & DeBUSK.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Has a large circulation in Wolfe, Morgan and Breathitt than all other papers in the State and merchants in Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Lexington, Louisville and Cincinnati will find it **THE BEST MEDIUM** through which to secure Mountain Trade.

ADVERTISING RATES.

TRANSIENT.

Advertisements inserted for less than 3 months will be 75 cents an inch for the first insertion and 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISING MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.	
1 inch, 12 months	\$ 7.50
2 inches, "	12.50
3 inches, "	15.00
4 inches, "	18.75
5 inches, "	22.00
6 inches, "	25.00

Liberal rates on larger advertisements made known on application.

Local notices to be interspersed among reading matter, 10 cents a line, with a discount of 25 per cent. where they run in a column or more.

Obituaries, tributes of respect, etc., 3c. a line. Count six words to the line and send money with the manuscript. We will write obituaries for 5 cents a line. Marriage and death notices, not exceeding ten lines, solicited and published FREE.

PAID FOR REGULAR ADVERTISING PAYABLE QUARTERLY ON DEMAND.

Address **SPENCER COOPER,** Hazel Green, Ky.

Chap Swango and John Evans started to Mt. Sterling Thursday morning with a drove of sheep.

Quite a crowd from this place attended meeting at the Caskey school house in Morgan on Sunday last.

See advertisement for a trainer, in this issue of our paper. The right man can secure a good situation and good salary.

An obituary to the late Hon. C. M. Hanks, Sr., is unavoidably crowded on this week, but it will appear in our next issue.

Mrs. Gus Brooks, of Greeley, Kansas, is visiting relatives near Hazel Green. She is, we believe, a half-sister of Judge George Carson.

Mrs. Southey Lacy has our thanks for a mess each of young onions and lettuce, and the latter is the first specimen we have seen this spring.

"Our Boy Tom," who is visiting in this section during his vacation from the government printing office at Washington, will be here tomorrow (Saturday).

Go to H. F. Pieratt & Co.'s and buy the wire nail at 5c. per lb. If not satisfactory when tried, money refunded.

H. F. PIERATT & CO.

S. S. Swango, writing from Whitesburg, Ky., sends us a dollar to send THE HERALD to his brother, Shiloh Swango, at Silver Creek, Throckmorton county, Texas.

Wednesday was the regular stock sale day at this place, but nearly all the farmers being busy at corn planting there were only a few in town, and no stock was offered that we heard of.

Henry S., son of S. A. Duff, of Spencer, Montgomery county, eloped to Lexington, on the 21st ult., with Miss Nannie, daughter of Aaron Garrett, of Bath county, where they were married. They returned on the 22nd to their home near Howard's Mills.

A meeting at the Presbyterian church, with Revs. McElroy, of Louisville, and James M. Little conducting services, has been in progress since Sunday. Mr. McElroy is a very entertaining talker, and his sermons have been listened to with much interest.

Our young friend Henry L. Godsey has been chosen by the faculty to represent Centre College at the Chatauqui assembly at Lexington, and will be one of the orators of the occasion. This is quite an honor, and the people of Hazel Green are proud of him.

A break in our machinery again this week put THE HERALD upon its p's and q's to get out, but our fellowtownsmen, Rose & DeBusk, the boss blacksmiths of Eastern Kentucky, proved equal to the occasion, and we are able, today, to appear before our constituency.

Judge W. W. Cox, of West Liberty, died at his home on Monday, and was buried Wednesday with Masonic honors. Dr. J. A. Taulbee, J. H. Pieratt, John Davis and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Pieratt, of this place, attended the funeral. He was a brother of Mrs. Lou Day and Mrs. Ellen Pieratt, of this city.

Rev. F. Agar and wife will continue the gospel meetings at Maple Grove, near Maytown, on Sunday morning, and will organize a Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. The evangelists contemplate building a Congregational Mission church shortly at one of the following points: Flat Rock, Bethel or Maytown.

HAZEL GREEN FAIR ASSOCIATION.

Annual Meeting—Election of Officers—Other Important Business.

The annual meeting of the Hazel Green Fair Association was held at Hazel Green on Saturday, May 7, 1892, and the following officers and directors chosen for the ensuing year: President—D. S. Godsey; 1st Vice President—H. F. Pieratt; 2d Vice President—W. L. May; Secretary—W. T. Swango; Treasurer and Ass't Secretary—J. T. Day; Ass't Treasurer—A. P. Lacy; Board of Directors—J. A. Taulbee, Harrison Swango, James H. Vest, W. T. Caskey, E. F. Cecil, A. M. Nickell, L. C. Caskey, H. K. Nickell, C. S. Sample and A. B. Hale.

The Board of Directors then met and ordered that the next annual fair be held on the association grounds, at Hazel Green, September 27 to 30, 1892, in a month.

The President appointed John M. Rose, H. F. Pieratt and J. T. Day to superintend the rebuilding and repairing the amphitheatre and track.

John M. Rose, J. A. Taulbee, H. F. Pieratt, J. T. Day and W. T. Caskey were appointed a committee to prepare the catalogue and premium list.

J. T. Day and John M. Rose were authorized to advertise for and employ a suitable horse trainer for the ensuing season.

An agreement was made with J. T. Day to furnish stable room, feed, rigs, etc., to the association at 60 cents a day for each horse, and the association is to charge 75 cents a day for feeding and training horses.

It was ordered that where persons take care of their own horses the association charge 10 cents for driving and 5 cents for saddle horses for the use of the track each day.

It was ordered that the committee appointed for that purpose have the track ready for use June 1, 1892.

The next meeting of the Board of Directors will be held Saturday, May 21.

WOLFE COUNTY.

Campton Currency.

There will be a mass meeting of the Democrats of Wolfe county at the Court House, on the 14th inst., for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the State convention at Louisville on the 28th inst.

The brick walls of W. L. Hurst's residence are being laid up. When completed this will be one of the finest residences in Eastern Kentucky. James P. Hall, of this place, is doing the work.

The Peoples party of the 10th Congressional district met in convention at this place on the 7th inst., and adjourned to meet at this place again on the 28th inst.

Hon. J. C. Lykins is a candidate for State elector for the 10th Congressional district. He will make a good one, and will be sure to "git thar, Eli."

Rev. R. D. Bivin, late of Maytown, is now located with his family at this place. He is occupying the late residence of Dr. J. H. Stamper.

J. Smith Nickell, Hamilton Quicksall and D. J. Lykins, of Morgan, were in town Saturday as delegates to the convention.

Rev. F. A. Savage preached two excellent sermons at the M. E. church at this place last Sunday.

A. F. Byrd has gone to Missouri on legal business for W. L. Stamper, who accompanied him.

C. C. Hanks, who has been dangerously ill for the past few days, is now improving.

J. B. Holton sold his fine saddle horse one day last week to A. F. Byrd for \$150. S. H. Rose, of Stillwater, took his first ride on the Masonic goat last Saturday.

E. B. May and I. W. Rose, of Maytown, were in town last Saturday.

G. T. Center is at Clay City on business.

May 10. REPORT.

See the new advertisement of Green, Huffaker & Co., Louisville, Ky., which appears in this issue of our paper. This is one of the oldest and most reliable and best shoe houses in Kentucky, and the goods they handle the finest to be found in the South. E. B. Green, representing the house, was in town Monday and Tuesday and sold J. T. Day & Co., several thousand dollars worth of goods. Indeed, he told THE HERALD that he had sold Day Bros. & Co., Jackson, Floyd Day & Co., Clay City, and J. T. Day & Co., of this place, about \$15,000 worth of goods. He certainly had the finest line of samples we ever saw, and those who need footwear will certainly make no mistake in buying a Green-Huffaker article.

Job printing cheap at this office.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Real Evolutions.

Railroad talk is quite common again, and we are now assured that within less than eighteen months, if no providential hindrance, cars will be running through this section. Emery Carr is the engineer and his wife is conductor, and one passenger has already made arrangements for the first trip. It's a girl.

Born, on the 8th, to the wife of Loring Nickell, a boy; on the 9th, to the wife of Frank Hensley, a boy.

Mrs. Alice Frazier and daughter Grace, from Illinois, are visiting relatives in town.

W. J. Prater is preparing to enter the field of U. S. Marshal in this section.

Dr. A. B. Nickell recently bought a portion of B. F. Cockrell's farm.

May 10. BLURT.

Mr. Spencer Cooper: I send you one dollar for which send THE HERALD one issue to Miss Ollie E. Henry, Bonny, Ky. I have several more promises and will send this week if I can. No news on Grassy of interest. Fishing is the order of the day. Well wishes to all the people of your town, and good luck to THE HERALD. Yours, J. D. CRUEY. Grassy Creek, May 9.

The people living in the neighborhood of Spradling, a post-office in this county, are anxious to have better mail facilities, and the attention of our Congressman is directed to the matter. It has been suggested that a route running from Campion to Ezel daily would be the proper thing, and the postal authorities can perhaps arrange for it. The best plan, however, in our judgment, would be for the people who get their mail at Spradling to sign a petition and forward it to Hon. Jo M. Kendall, at Washington.

WANTED—A woman to cook, wash and iron, for a small family. Middle-aged woman with no encumbrance. None but a good cook with good character need apply. Address, or call on, Spencer Cooper, Hazel Green.

WANTED!

The Hazel Green Fair Association desires to employ a FIRST-CLASS THROTTLING HORSE TRAINER, and herewith invites correspondence on the subject. Address D. S. GODSEY, President.

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WHOLESALE MANUFACTURING DRUGGISTS
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HINDOO KIDNEY CORDIAL.
For the permanent cure of Pain in the back, bladder, kidneys, etc. Sold by all druggists and Urinary Organs. Testimonials of cures of those who have used this remedy, will be sent on application. PRICE 25 CENTS.

NERVE KIDNEY.
The only remedy that is sold on an absolute guarantee. It cures all cases of Nervousness, Headache, Dizziness, etc. Used internally and externally. Testimonials of cures of those who have used this remedy, will be sent on application. PRICE 25 CENTS.

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Buy your goods while they are cheap, and now is the time.

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Don't you see that is business. We are not in business merely for pleasure, nor for health, but for the profit, and the way to make it profitable is to sell everybody. And the way to sell everybody is to sell cheaper than anybody. And that is what we are going to do—for Cash or Country Produce.

We have extended the Credit System until we are compelled to close our books, and we respectfully ask those who owe us to come in and pay part or all of your note or account. Trusting you will heed this, we remain, Very respectfully, &c., H. F. PIERATT & CO.

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GREEN, HUFFAKER & CO., WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

HAZEL GREEN, Ky., May 10, 1892.

To the Trade of Eastern Kentucky, Contiguous to Hazel Green: We have this day completed arrangements with the above named firm and will handle their goods in large quantities. We especially invite an inspection by the merchants, as we are prepared to duplicate any and all prices quoted in Louisville, Cincinnati or Knoxville. Merchants can buy these goods almost at their doors and save large freight bills. We are prepared at any and all times to furnish these goods in any and every quality, size and price. All we ask is a trial. Respectfully, &c., J. T. DAY & CO., Hazel Green, Ky.

JAY-EYE-SEE 2:10

MR. J. I. CASE, (Hickory Grove Farm, home of Jay-Eye-See) writes, Wm. says: "After trying every known remedy, I removed a large bluish spot of two years standing from a 5 year old child, with three applications of

QUINN'S OINTMENT.

It is the best preparation I have ever used or heard of. I heartily recommend it to all Horsemen."

We have Hundreds of such testimonials.

Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your druggist for it. If he does not keep it, send us 25c. square or silver, for trial box.

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TRY IT

CHEAPER SCHOOL BOOKS.

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that they have just completed arrangements with the American Book Company that will enable him to sell the school books adopted by the State Board of Education at the following reduced rates:

McGuffey's Small Primer.....	85c	"	Second Arithmetic.....	15
"	"	"	Third Arithmetic.....	20
"	17	"	Key to same.....	25
"	"	"	High Arithmetic.....	50
"	30	"	Key to same.....	75
"	42	"	McGuffey's 1st Eclectic Geography.....	35
"	40	"	2d Eclectic Geography.....	1.10
"	75	"	3d Eclectic Geography.....	1.30
"	85	"	"	"

The above school book publications of the American Book Company are well known standards, and we shall at all times have a full supply on hand for sale to school officers, teachers or pupils at the prices named. Other school books published by the American Book Company, 137 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, supplied at correspondingly low prices. J. T. DAY & CO., Hazel Green, Ky.

DAY HOUSE, HAZEL GREEN, KY. Mrs. LOU DAY, Proprietress. This house has been recently refitted and refurnished, and the table is at all times supplied with the best in the market. Rates reasonable. Sample room attached and special rates to commercial men. Patronage is respectfully solicited. only

DR. J. A. TAULBEE, Physician and Surgeon, Hazel Green, Wolfe County, KENTUCKY.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, 1 1 1 KY.

UNDERSTOOD.

I loved a maiden once as well
As she was passing fair,
And that is more, the truth to tell
Than now to love I'd care;
And she would let me kiss her hand
When I'd been very good—
That is, I would "understand."
At length I understood.

I asked her for her photograph
To light my lonely room;
She laughed a merry little laugh,
But left me to my gloom.
For that was such a "strange" demand
She did not think she could—
Because I might not "understand."
And then I understood.

I wooed her in the morning, noon,
And afternoon, and night,
I would have fetched the very moon
And stars for her delight;
She said my love was true and grand,
And that some day she would—
How well I understood!

At last I took by force of arms
The kisses she would not give;
Her dimples were her chiefest charms,
And so she never cried,
But uttered as her lover's hand
She rearranged her smooch.
I knew you wouldn't understand!
But I had understood.

—William Hard McVicker, in Century.



CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

She greeted Olive kindly enough and flitted slowly up a dark staircase to lead her to a bedroom. The willing had already carried up her box, and when the door was shut she went to the glass and surveyed herself discontentedly by gas-light. Out of doors in the country the sweet May daylight was lingering still, but night falls early on a London household.

"He must have thought me looking dowdy and plain," she mused, taking off her bonnet and flinging it on the bed. "Lucy was right when she told me to get my new clothes made in town. He seems so much more beautifully dressed girls that he feels ashamed of me."

It comforted Olive to lay the blame of Michael's coldness on her village bonnet. She was not without a little natural vanity, and had always been accustomed to hear that she was a pretty girl. Michael had said so, many and many a time in the earlier days of their love-making. Out-spoken compliments were in fashion at her home, and even the "bumpkins," as Michael contemptuously termed them, were not insensible to the charm of a pair of soft brown eyes. These same eyes were now gazing at the reflection of her own face through tears, but Olive resolutely conquered the desire to weep.

Not only because she wanted to look her prettiest did she keep the tears back. For the sake of the good uncle, a stranger, and yet, well known, she would carry a smiling face downstairs. She had looked only for a little kindness, but he had received her into a warm atmosphere of love and taken her at once to his heart. Already she could not help comparing his tenderness with Michael's hardness, and remembering that Michael had written of him with a kind of scornful pity. Perhaps, it was because of that very tenderness that Uncle Wake was an unsuccessful man. If so, Olive began vaguely to feel that it was best to be a failure.

The little parlor looked bright enough when she reentered it, and Michael struck with her improved appearance. The girl had a will of her own, and she had put all traces of her disappointment out of sight. She still wore the scanty gown, but in spite of rustic dress-making and the soft rough hair, no longer hidden under the objectionable bonnet, curled carelessly over her white forehead. The old enchantment began to steal over Michael's spirit; he watched Olive as she talked to the Wakes; her face, lovely in repose, gained new charms when she smiled and spoke. With care and training—his training, she might yet be admired in the circles that he was struggling to enter. Anyhow she was his own chosen sweetheart, and the best part of his nature would cling to her to the end.

Mrs. Wake had taken possession of the flowers and lingered over them with a faint show of pleasure. She had put some hyacinths on the supper table and again the perfume saddened Olive and carried her thoughts back to old days. Michael was here, sitting by her side, but she found herself longing for a younger and simpler Michael, who had stood beside her father's grave with his eyes full of tears.

But before the evening meal came to an end the lovers were on better terms with each other. And when Michael rose to take his leave, Uncle Wake disappeared into the dark shop and his wife vanished like a phantom, leaving the young pair alone together.

"Olive," said the young man, taking her into his arms and looking into her face with all the blindness of "Olive," "I can scarcely believe that this is not a dream. I shall see you every Sunday, dear; you don't know how I have al-

ways missed you on Sundays. Give me a kiss and convince me that you are a real creature. I'm half afraid of waking up to-morrow and finding that you are still miles away from me."

For the second time she lifted her face to his, less frankly and gladly than before. She loved him as truly and deeply as ever, but the girlish confidence in herself would never return. For the future she would be on her guard against mistakes; she had learned to control those natural impulses of affection which had hitherto been unchecked. And the lesson had been mastered very quickly, for there is no learner more rapid than a loving woman.

"I am real enough, Michael," she said, quietly. "There is no fear of my going back to Eastmoreland, even if I could travel on the wings of the wind like the princess in a fairy tale. You know I am not wanted there."

"I am glad you have left them. I did not like my future wife to live under the same roof with Tom Challock and his girls."

"But there is something good in Peggy and Jane."

"Olive, you must forget Peggy and Jane. They are good or bad. You have now to train yourself for the position you will fill one day."

"Yes, Michael, I am quite willing to train myself," she answered meekly. "He was pleased to regard her with an air of gracious approval, and drew her closer into his arms."

"Dearest Olive," he said in an encouraging tone, "I will take care of you, and help you in everything. You have only to trust in my guidance and you will be a very happy woman."

He spoke as if her happiness was entirely in his hands—as if he could control the thing in the world to insure her perfect contentment in the future—as if he could lift her out of the reach of life's common ills, and its chances and changes. Nothing is more surprising than the confidence which some people have in themselves. Michael Chase had always believed immensely in himself, and he felt so wise and admirable at this moment that he would have cheerfully directed the affairs of the nation.

"And now good night, dear," he added, "I shall come to you after breakfast to-morrow. We will have a long day together."

Then he went his way, and Oliver heard the shop-door shut and heard after him. Mrs. Wake reappeared, and asked, in her faint voice, if she was not quite worn out?

"Quite worn of capital stuff," that's warranted to stand a good deal of wear and tear," said Samuel Wake, coming forward again. "But if she is the wise girl I take her to be, she will go and get a night's rest as soon as she can." But it was order in her little room, but it was her head and neck after such an exciting day. It seemed to Olive that it was a day taken out of some one else's life which had got into her life by mistake. At last she shut her door and rested her head on the pillow, and then all the sights that she had seen and the voices she had heard were repeated in the darkness.

"Does he love me as well as ever?" thought Olive. "I think so, I hope so," and with an honest heart she told herself that all would come right in the end.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST LONDON SUNDAY.

Olive woke up in the morning as fresh and bright as ever; but she was a little disposed to underestimate her freshness and brightness. She had nothing better to wear than her village bonnet and gown, and to-day she was going to church with Michael. The girl's heart was very tender and humble; a flash of



HE WAS TRULY MAGNIFICENT.

disapproval from the eyes she loved would make her utterly miserable. She was living in a world of feeling, and only doing her part in the outer world mechanically.

Uncle Wake glanced at her now and then as they sat at breakfast, and there was something in her face that sent his thoughts straying back into the past. Some one else used to look at him with brown eyes like Olive's. When she spoke her voice was an echo of another voice that had been hushed for years. The little man whom you pointed out his office was almost forgotten; all the light and color of his life had died out with the death of his first love, the wife of his youth. He had married his first wife because he had need of her, and had taken his second because she had need of him.

Michael came in when breakfast was over. And if in Olive's eyes he had

seemed imposing on Saturday night, he was truly magnificent on Sunday morning. His clothes were fashionable and unmistakably new, and he wore a pair of gloves. He surveyed him with quiet amusement and watched to see the effect of all this splendor on Olive. The effect was certainly depressing.

The girl shrank at her lover doubtfully and shyly. Samuel Wake knew, almost as if she had told him in words, what was passing in her mind. All his life he had been intensely interested in other people's lives, and now he understood things too well, feeling, and what Michael was not feeling. He saw that she went unwillingly upstairs to get ready for their walk, and he was sure that she would return with an anxious look, after being seen a second time in that contrived bonnet.

She came back with just the look that he had expected to see, and Michael instantly made an exasperating remark. "Haven't you another bonnet, Olive?" he asked, and he did not wait for the answer, but it does not do for this morning."

"I am sorry," she said gently, with a deep blush. "I am going to buy some new things to-morrow, and what I have now is not very good."

"If I were a young man I should not look at the bonnet while that face was inside it."

This observation came from Uncle Wake, and Michael passed it over in contemptuous silence. A few minutes later the young couple went out to gether into the sunshiny street, and Olive was utterly dispirited and disappointed.

"You are a dear girl," said Michael, after a pause, "you must really begin to study your appearance. You ought to have been better dressed for my sake. We may meet some of the people I know."

"I am sorry," said Olive, who had run up against Edward Battersby himself. Of course he would expect me to introduce him to you, and what would he think of that bonnet and gown?"

"I am sorry," said Olive, who had run up against Edward Battersby himself. Of course he would expect me to introduce him to you, and what would he think of that bonnet and gown?"

"Do try to take things calmly," he implored, "but I know who has just seen you was actually laughing at you. In London, people don't go into raptures in the streets."

There was no need for a second warning against raptures. With such a set of plausible words provoked her, and when they turned into Trafalgar square Olive almost forgot her annoyance. She stood still with a brightening face to look at the great stone lions asleep in the sunlight, and the foam and swirl of the fountain, and the people looked at her as they went by, and half smiled at the fresh delight that shone in her brown eyes. Michael hurried her on.

"Do try to take things calmly," he implored, "but I know who has just seen you was actually laughing at you. In London, people don't go into raptures in the streets."

"We won't go to church this morning," he said. "I confess I'm not a church-going man. I like fresh air; it clears my brain and strengthens me for the week's work; and now we can talk quietly, Olive, and I can tell you about something which has been in my mind for nearly two years."

She prepared herself to listen. After all, it was silly of her to be unhappy because he had found fault with her rustic ways. She supposed that training was always rather a painful process. Here, with the tender green of the young foliage and the soft, warm color of the May sunshine resting on the broad space of sward in front of her, she was feeling more like her old self. And surely if Michael had not loved her he would not have been so anxious to tell her everything!

"You know," he began, "how rapidly I have been rising ever since I went to Battersby's works. Old Battersby is breaking down very fast; he has not the strength to work, and since his brother died. It was after the brother's death that Edward Battersby was taken into partnership and when his father dies he will be the sole representative of the firm."

Olive was honestly trying to give him her full attention, but all this was not very interesting. Two girls went tripping by; they were golden-brown frocks and straw bonnets, and she interrupted, that looked as if they had been freshly gathered from the water meadow at home. She could not help wondering how much their costumes had cost, and she thought of the bonnet. Then another girl came by with her swirl, and her dress was perfectly enchanting.

"I have made myself used to Ed-

ward Battersby in a hundred ways," Michael went on. "There is no need to tell you how I have managed to slip into his confidence. He is a weak sort of fellow, and his brains are not half as good as mine. He is glad enough to use me and I let myself be used, but only to serve my own ends by and by."

Olive glanced at him and saw a smile of self-satisfaction hovering round his mouth and a gleam of triumph in his blue eyes. And all at once she remembered that Lucy Cromer had not admired Michael's eyes, although she had admitted that their color was beautiful. Lucy had said that they were cold, and the remark had made Olive quite angry. She hardly knew why such foolish words had come back to her at this moment, but they pained her a little.

"I shall be able to wind him round my finger soon," he continued. "You see I have always held myself well in hand. Smiles says: 'It may be of compensating little consequence how a man is governed from without, whilst everything depends upon how he governs himself from within.' The man who rises is the man who has learned the secret of self-government. Now Edward Battersby would never learn that secret if he were to live a hundred years. He lets himself be swayed by every whim that seizes him. He gratifies every passing desire and runs after everything that attracts his eyes. I have a purpose, Olive, I am treading the road that leads up to it, and I never turn aside from my path for a single instant."

"You are wonderfully strong, Michael—father always said so," cried Olive, speaking straight from her heart. "I should lose all my strength if I did not watch myself," he replied. "You don't know how it would be if he slackens his hold on self just once."

Olive looked at him almost with reverence; his words sounded so good and wise and brave. A few moments later, when he had caught that fleeting expression of triumphant cunning on his face, she had felt a cold little doubt creep into her mind. But that look was gone, and now she saw the



MICHAEL SPEAKS OF HIS PLANS.

same strong, earnest Michael who had won her father's respect years ago.

"I rule while I seem to be ruled," he said, meeting her gaze with a smile; "and if I succeed in carrying out all my plans, the firm will one day be Battersby & Chase."

She drew a long breath, and there was a child's wonder in her eyes. The idea seemed so stupendous, so grand! "Perhaps you are a little of a prophet," noticed Olive. But listen, my dear girl, I am working hard at an invention of my own, and I believe it will soon be perfected. If it is perfected I shall persuade Edward Battersby to give me a trial, and I am firmly convinced that it will answer the purpose for which it is intended."

"What is the purpose, Michael?" she asked, eagerly.

"The saving of labor. If my idea is carried out we shall employ about half as many hands as we do now. We have too many men lumbering about the works and pocketing our pay. What I want to do is to sweep away the dun-deerheads and keep only those who have intelligence. I happen to know that young Battersby, well off as he is, always wants more money than he has got. Think what we shall gain in the saving of wages! You don't understand business details, my dear child, but you can grasp my meaning."

"Yes, oh, yes," she answered, a bright color came into her cheeks. "Only, Michael, what will become of all the underdearheads?"

"What does it matter what becomes of them?"

"He speaks with an irritated air of surprise, and she could scarcely find courage to speak again."

"I think it does matter. I know it must be hard for a clever man to consider the interests of the stupid ones, and yet—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Is the Earth's Axis Changing?

Observations made some time past at Berlin, Potsdam, Prague and other cities of Europe have shown that their geographical latitudes have decreased by 2-10 of an second.

It is supposed that the earth has shifted by that much in space, and in order to settle the matter an expedition has been sent out to Honolulu, which, being the antipodes of Central Europe, will show an equal change in the opposite direction if the explanation is correct. The expedition will remain there for a year under the direction of Dr. Newcomb, of the Harvard Observatory.

A FAIRY GROTTO.

A Crystal Palace That Was Inhabited by Seals.

Once it happened that one of the polar icebergs was so ingeniously shaped by the warm waves that, when it snapped in the middle and fell over on its side, one portion of it rose with the honeycombed part toward the water, thus making an iceberg as a palace filled with many a crystal grotto which, rising story upon story, stage upon stage, converted the translucent main into a floating crystal palace with transparent walls.

It would have been a pity if such a gorgeous palace had passed away, with never an inhabitant to profit by its existence, and so it was fortunate that it was discovered by a troop of seals migrating southward.

The seals might just as well have swarmed over the outside of the iceberg, as they had often done in previous cases; but possibly they recognized the roof and found a roof over their heads, and consequently dived down and came up inside of the crystal palace. Anyhow, whatever their reasons, that is what they did.

By hundreds and by thousands they clambered up the irregular inner walls, occupying the grottoes and ledges till the palace was crowded to its full capacity with the noisy, active creatures.

Their might easily have been uncomfortable in their splendid palace had not accident come to their relief. The warm air from their bodies and their warm breath rose to the top of the iceberg and fortunately found thin spots in the roof and made a series of places of escape for the bad air were made.

Of course, this air, being warm, no sooner reached the colder atmosphere of the air than it condensed into steam and rose, a white column, above the palace, looking very much like smoke.

Indeed, a sailing vessel passing that way thought it was smoke, and the captain changed his course to go nearer the iceberg, hoping to save the lives of some shipwrecked sailors, who, he supposed, had built a fire on the berg. Fancy your own astonishment at coming upon a crystal palace in mid-ocean, inhabited by thousands of seals, and you may then understand how the captain and his crew felt when, looking through the clear walls of the stately structure, they saw the countless animals in comfortable and cozy sleeping in the fairy-like chambers.

The captain bawled his lot that there were twenty thousand dollars' worth of sealskins in sight, but out of reach.

It was disappointing for the captain, but it was tolerably comfortable for the seals, who take more interest in sealskins when they wear them than when human beings make coats of them.—John E. Corryell, in St. Nicholas.

DOES IT PAY?

A Little Story Relating to the Use of slang.

John Hapleigh was a graduate of an eastern college, and had studied with special reference to the teaching of rhetoric and elocution. He had brilliant powers, and armed with excellent credentials, he applied for a position in a western university.

Pending the action of the university board of trustees upon his application, the young teacher spent a social evening with one of the professors. Several invited guests were present, among them a young man of the university.

During the evening, as the guests were talking together, the president overheard the following little dialogue between the young applicant for the chair of elocution and the son of the host.

"Do you play tennis?" asked the young fellow.

"Yes, I do," replied the candidate for a professorship.

"It's a fine game, don't you think so?"

"Hang up."

"Did you play baseball in college?"

"Well, I should smile! I was way out of sight in it."

That was all the president heard; and it was all said by the professor in a tone of fun, with an evident desire to be free and easy with the lad, and not to appear formal. But the president reflected that a man who would use such phrases was not the man the university wanted, and he took action accordingly.

When the young man's application was refused he was much surprised, as he had fully expected to secure the position. He is to-day filling an inferior place in spite of his ability, because of that little conversation.—Youth's Companion.

An Overbearing Friend.

Winks—"That job you have now is a soft snap, isn't it?"

Jinks—"Um—rather."

"Nothing at all to do, have you?"

"Well—er—not much."

"Geeing?"

"Very fine. How do you happen to know so much about my job?"

"I notice you stick to it!"—N. Y. Weekly.

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